



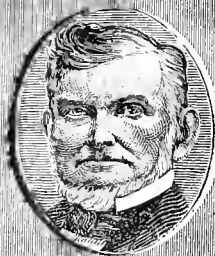
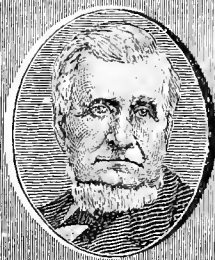
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTO AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Winberg Josephine 327  
Centre street city

Published Semi Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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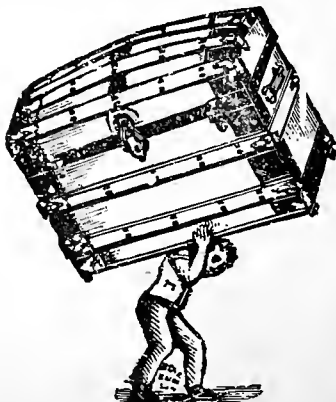
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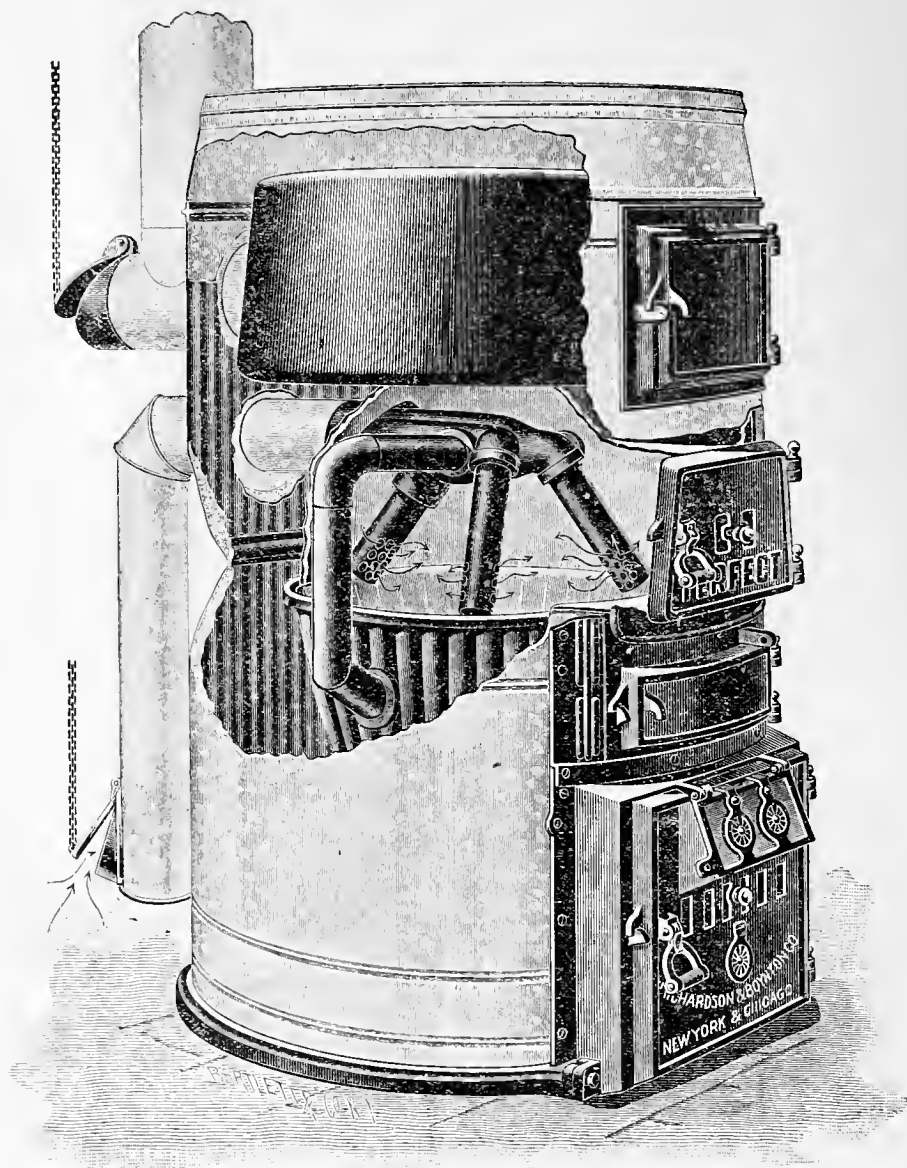
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Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

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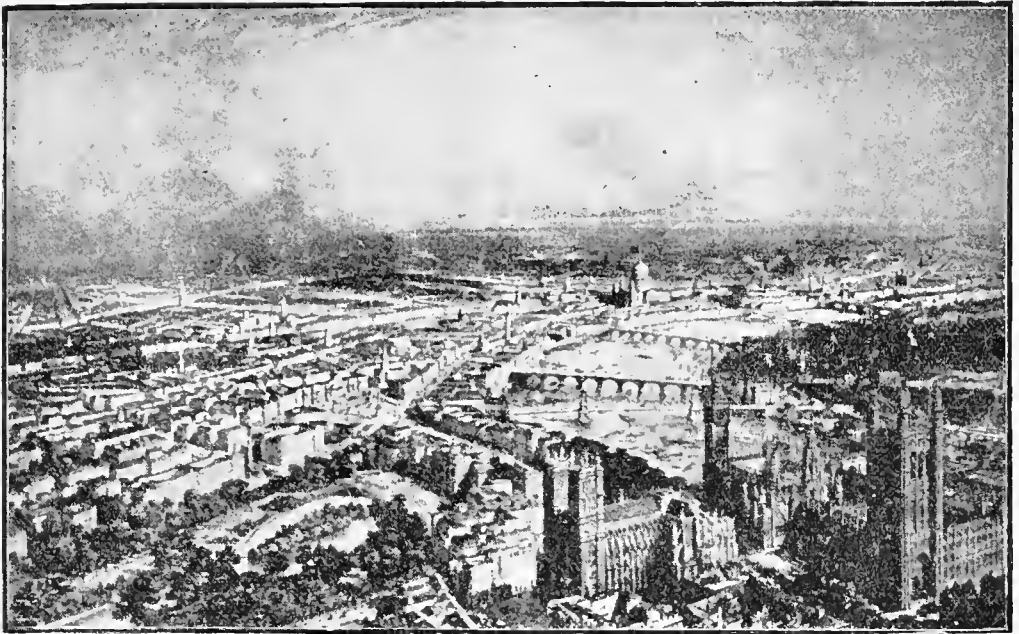
No. 17.

## PARIS.

A RECENT number of this paper contained an illustration and a brief sketch of Notre Dame, the most noted church and one of the most famous buildings of Paris. In this issue, and accom-

panying this article, we present a view of Paris itself. The capital of France, and the largest city of continental Europe. Paris is also easily the most interesting and most cosmopolitan city in the world. It used to be a saying with tourists, "See Naples and die;" but

no traveler who at all deserves the name, ever feels that life is at all complete until he has visited the mighty metropolis on the banks of the Seine. Paris is indeed older than the Christian era; for when Julius Caesar invaded



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

panying this article, we present a view of Paris itself. The capital of France, and the largest city of continental Europe. Paris is also easily the most interesting and most cosmopolitan city in the world. It used to be a saying with tourists, "See Naples and die;" but

and at length conquered Gaul—which term may be generally understood as the name of the country we now call France, he found a powerful tribe located along the Sequana, or Seine, with their capital city (called Lutetia) on a small island in that river, which

island is still called "The City" in modern Paris, and is the site of Notre Dame and others of the more ancient and famous of the buildings of the capital. This tribe was called the Sequani or Parisii and in the great Roman's commentaries on the war in Gaul the former name frequently occurs. Under the rule of the Roman conquerors Christianity was introduced about the year 250 A. D., and just before the final expulsion of the foreign rulers by the Franks, who were the immediate predecessors and ancestors of the present French, the name of Lutetia was changed to Parisii, from which the transition to "Paris" was of course easy.

Thus much for the early history of the world-renowned city. To trace its growth and vicissitudes during the succeeding centuries would be tedious to most readers and not very profitable to any. Suffice it to say, that for nearly a thousand years it has occupied quite as prominent a place in the world's doings as has any other single town, while there have been many times when it has extorted as much of the attention of mankind as all the rest of the world put together. But it has not achieved all this notoriety without a corresponding amount of sorrow—it has come up through much tribulation. If it is splendid in its artistic and mechanical development, it has also had many a deep, hot bath in blood. If in its architecture, progressiveness and external cleanliness there is much to admire, there is also a dense moral indifference and a degree of folly and wickedness that can nowhere else be equalled. It is beautiful, but not righteous; pleasing in many respects but, like certain good-looking fruits, leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Its people are impulsive, polite and courageous though fickle; its customs

in the main—at least those for which it is most noted—are not to be recommended. Finally, as a part of the modern traveler's education, there is much in Paris that can hardly be learned elsewhere and that is well worth study; but on the other hand there are frivolities and temptations which few people, if even the French themselves, can extract either profit or intellectual pleasure from.

### MY FRIEND'S DREAMING.

#### IV.

AFTER listening for some time to the wails of those who could not now enter into the society of God's faithful Saints, the guard came to me and touched me saying: "You have supposed yourself unobserved, but I have seen you all the time and have allowed you to see some of the arrivals from mother earth in order that you might better comprehend the conditions here. Some are happy and some are disappointed. Some are prepared for more joys than others, all according to their preparations while in probation. The wicked cannot here impose upon the innocent, neither can they force themselves into their company, for here the Priesthood of the Son of God rules, and all within its jurisdiction moves in order and harmony, to the utter exclusion of contention and strife. And, as you have seen, those who are not prepared, to enter into that company, they must necessarily go to the place prepared for them and their associates, there to remain until the required saint like standard has been acquired, if their condition be such as to allow of it.

"Life," he continued, "is a complicated problem. Many persons while passing through it think that the numer-



ous little wrongs which present themselves in various ways are necessary appendages to mortality, and that they cannot escape committing them. Herein they greatly deceive themselves. It is just those little offenses that often drive away the free flow of the Spirit of God. The individual becomes habituated to doing such wrongs, so that when they arrive here on this shore they are not prepared for that which they have looked for, because the tendencies have been in the wrong direction. Those whom you have seen pass joyfully and confidently along are those whose whole souls have loved God and who have thus cultivated that inward divinity in man until sin could have little or no place within their bosoms. When they spoke they spoke the truth; when they labored they did so honestly; and in all their intercourse with the children of men they were conscientious and scrupulously honest and virtuous, always desiring that which was right; indeed they finally arrived to that high standard of which a poet wrote when he said,

"Noblest minds have finest feelings,  
Quivering strings a breath can move,  
And the Gospel's sweet revealings  
Tune them with the key of love.

"Noble mindedness and the full development of the inward resources of man's powers for good are only obtained by the constant application of the principles of justice to God, to man, and to yourself."

Continuing to address himself to my friend he said: "You have noticed how apparent man's mistakes are when he arrives here, and how plain they appear to the Priesthood. They cannot deceive, neither can God's servant be deceived. I will further point out to you some of the deceptions of life. For instance, the man who had neglected to pay his

tithing. He had failed to read and understand the word of God upon that important subject. Although it is plainly and forcibly written, with both temporal and eternal promises attached to its mandate, yet this man and others are blinded by the lucre of the world, forgetting that they have no use for it here; it belongs to that lower sphere and is ordained for use there and not here. Circumstances and conditions are different here, and hence matter and its uses are also different. But the man upon earth should not forget this all-important fact, that his works and their tendencies make everlasting impressions and prepare the individual for one out of two conditions, which are final, viz., eternal rulership or eternal servitude to those who are heirs of salvation. Now, one who refuses to pay his tithing can have no claim on the blessings promised, nor can he be trusted with the management of affairs here until other proofs of worthiness are forthcoming, for that which he would accumulate would be used arbitrarily to his own and others' destruction, a condition which cannot exist here, where all bow in humble submission to the Father. You also remember how he chuckled to himself about the Word of Wisdom. Stinginess seemed to have been the motive power, whereas other conditions should have ruled. He spoke of using wheat or barley as a substitute for real coffee. Now, that may be all right under some circumstances, but it has one bad tendency, it keeps the user of it in the habit of using burnt substances for a beverage, so that the force of habit is not broken, and a bad example to the young is still continued, and many of the tea and coffee drinkers are only partly breaking loose, for when they are off from home or where the conditions are changed a little from

home life they break the Word of Wisdom anyway, for when offered tea or coffee by some friend they partake anyhow, and thus they destroy their powers of resolution and they are after all very little ahead of the mark they left some time ago. The only safe way is to use those things only not condemned and let substitutes alone, for they keep us in the habit, and but little has been accomplished by the efforts put forth to pull the wool over the requirements of the times. This Word of Wisdom question is very vital, because of the eternal nature of its promises.

"And then there are so many who are surprised when they arrive here to see that this life is a real continuation of the second estate so far as man's progressiveness is concerned. Man has always been expected to use his abilities to sustain life, clothe the person, educate and train the mind and to harmonize himself to the various circumstances of the spheres he may occupy. Now these conditions exist here as you plainly see. Beautiful homes, well-dressed people and orderly communities are everywhere to be seen, and who made them? Why the inhabitants; they labor to perform the duties of life as they are found here, to cloth properly the person, and to provide for the loved ones to come from mother earth, that they may be made happy and comfortable and acquainted with circumstances here. Again, the second estate has brought with it great changes to men and women. In the pre-existence they were sons and daughters to God only, but in the second estate they are joined in holy wedlock, and they become fathers and mothers upon eternal principles which carry with them eternal conditions. They gradually pass from the parental roof, so to speak, and in every

change of sphere they are gently approaching and passing through new conditions, which bring with them new cares and new responsibilities, until finally man is made perfect as God is perfect, by having passed faithfully through all the different changes necessary for his full development before he can be numbered among the Gods. Hence as you see those cases extend to this life, the spirit world, very fully. Men who have been sealed upon eternal principles have eternal cares and duties, and therefore in this intermediate state, between the grave and the resurrection, it is not all preaching Gospel or singing praises, but it is facing the realities of life, passing through all that all may be known, and proving their ability to adapt themselves and their faculties to all the various forms of life, remaining always true fathers and loving mothers, that finally eternal lives may be trusted to their care for salvation.

"Men would do well to avail themselves of the opportunities of life in the second estate, to prepare for usefulness thereafter. Many shirk the responsibilities of life and family for easy occupations and society life, as they call them, failing to make a mark in the world that will perpetuate their name and usefulness. Many spend their best days measuring tape and calico and the like, or seek insurance underwriting for a profession, and kindred occupations, for a livelihood, and what good are such? What are those attainments if found alone as they are in many cases? The future demands knowledge of other things. The ability to perform other labors; in short, the ability to put to use the elements which exist, which are for their good and for their enlargement, i. e., be producers."

At this juncture the guard pointed to

a man returning toward the home of the Saints, and said, "That man is an Elder returning from a mission to other spirits. Follow him and he will show you what a glorious time the Saints will have upon his return."

*Friis.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING.

HAVING had the pleasure of reading your paper for the last sixteen years, and having received more benefit therefrom than from any and all other writings (except the sacred scriptures, new and old), I thought it my duty to contribute a mite in helping to strengthen the testimony of my brethren and sisters by relating some of my observations and experiences at home and abroad.

Elder Wm. John McDonald, now living in Salt Lake City, was baptized into the Church on February 29, 1880, in Auckland, New Zealand, where he resided and had charge of the government graving dock. He was the first bona fide citizen of Auckland, as far as known, to receive proper baptism in that city in this dispensation.

Shortly after joining the Church, at the time the most opposition was manifested against the Saints in Auckland, Brother McDonald was taken with typhus or ship fever. He complained one day about being unwell. The Elders inquired how he felt in regard to being anointed with oil in the name of the Lord. He professed faith in the ordinance, so they knelt in prayer, among the hissing steam clanking machinery and heaps of coal, and administered to him and he felt perfectly well.

Now the remarkable part comes in. Some hours afterward he commenced

reflecting while at his work, and wondered if he really had been sick, or was it only his imagination. As soon as he began to thus doubt, he was taken down again immediately, and became very sick and had to go to bed, where several of the Elders administered to him time and again, but apparently without any benefit. The case became serious, and the government officer in Auckland ordered him to the hospital. He was in such a state that he did not care much what was done with him; but his wife and children cried and considered it would be a terrible thing if he should be moved from the house. They requested me to administer to him only once more, and I did so.

Brother McDonald declared as soon as he was strong enough to speak that as he was being administered to he saw a person who appeared like a woman leaving his bed, and as she vanished through the solid wall of the house she turned to a fury, gnashing her teeth in wild rage. He got well and strong, arose next morning and went to his work and continued to perform his labor, giving thanks to God for his recovery.

All who heard about his recovery were highly astonished. The Saints and Elders recognized in it the power of God and gave Him the glory.

*J. P. Sorensen.*

NEVER suppose that in any possible situation or under any circumstances it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing.

FALSE happiness is like false money—it passes for a time as well as the true; but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy and feel the loss.

THE  
**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 1, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

PRACTICAL JOKING.

HERE is a certain class of young men who spend considerable of their time, in playing practical jokes. These consist of various pranks which sometimes result only in harmless amusement, but at other times are annoying as well as painful to the victim. The latter are reprehensible and occasionally criminal, while the former, if they cause discomfort or displeasure to the one upon whom they are inflicted, are to be condemned. Falsehoods are told "just for a joke." Does the joke relieve the perpetrator from the sin of lying? We think not. The liar will have his part in the lake of fire and brimstone.

The fatal results of a recent practical joke of some Salt Lake City boys should be an impressive and lasting lesson to those who are inclined to indulge in this kind of amusement. Thoughtlessly, no doubt, and yet criminally they stretched a cord across the sidewalk. An aged man tripped by it and fell heavily to the ground, with the result that he died from his injuries. The perpetrators of the "joke" have concealed their identity from the public, but the knowledge of their sin cannot be concealed from themselves. It will haunt them to the end of their lives, and in eternity they will be called to answer for this act. Oh, how terrible the consequences of a "practical joke!"

A young lady at a social gathering

went to resume a seat from which she had just risen, when a young man withdrew the chair and she sat heavily upon the floor. A spinal injury, from which she never recovered, and which shortened her life, was the result. Her repeated forgiveness of the act could not relieve the sorrow-stricken boy of the terrible mental consequences of his folly.

Some boys playing with fire-crackers threw a lighted one at a little girl to scare her. In a moment her clothing was a mass of flame, her body was burned, and after several days of the most excruciating torture, she died—the victim of a "practical joke."

A lady playfully pricked the leg of a gentleman visitor with a hat-pin. Blood poisoning set in, and amputation of the limb was followed by death.

A party of young men placed some links of sausage in the bed of a companion who had expressed in their presence his horror of snakes. When his naked skin came in contact with the sausage he went into spasms and shortly thereafter died.

In a securely barred room of an insane asylum is a young man whose talents at one time presaged high renown for him as a physician. His mental powers were sacrificed to an unholy desire for "joking" on the part of his fellow-students, who placed a cadaver in his bed in the lonely room he occupied, and to which he always retired in the dark. Now he is an incurable and dangerous patient.

Are more instances than those here related of the dangers of practical joking necessary? If so, we doubt not your friends and acquaintances can supply them. Accept, then, the warning to avoid this sin before deeds are committed the remembrance of which no

amount of sorrow will efface. If warnings to avoid such pranks are not accepted by the youth, then laws should be provided for the punishment of those who wilfully seek this fool's unpleasant pleasantries at the expense of others.

At no time should we do anything that can be avoided which would chagrin, inconvenience or pain our fellowmen, and no word or sentence should ever pass our lips, even in a joke, which will not bear the strictest scrutiny under the searchlight of truth. If our surplus energy must find vent in some way, let it be utilized in providing surprises in the shape of blessings for the widows and the fatherless, or in doing something that will contribute to the happiness and well-being of our fellowmen.

#### SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.  
Colonel.

ONE Christmas morning about eight o'clock, an express package arrived for Mr. Brown's son Robert.

Mr. Brown was a well-to-do farmer, living a few miles from a large city, and was the happy head of a large family. "I wonder what it can be," exclaimed Bob while doing his best to open the box. At last the lid came off, and a little long haired yellow dog sprang out with a glad bark in response to Bob's inviting whistle.

"He's lame on every leg," cried nine year old Bill as the dog limped about the room. His legs had been cramped under him in the box so long, that he had become lame in reality.

"Somebody has cut his ear," dolefully exclaimed baby May, whose chubby hands had begun to pat his shaggy head.

"Here's a letter in the bottom of the box; I'll read it," said Bob.

"Dear Bob: Yesterday I was out on the street, and saw a little yellow dog running along toward me with a tin can tied to his tail, and a crowd of newsboys with stones after him. I scared him into a doorway and caught him.

"You wanted a dog, so I will send him to you for a Christmas present. I named him Colonel. I bored a lot of holes in the box so he could breathe. Aunt bought me a new rifle. I am coming to see you next summer. DICK."

In a day or two Colonel had developed into a good-looking dog, with an intelligent look in his eyes. As time wore on he learned to keep the cattle away from the feed while they were being fed, and so be useful in many other ways.

In the spring when the grass had begun to grow, Colonel proved to be a great help to the boys by soon learning to drive the cows to and from the pasture and to carry water from the spring to the house.

He was baby May's almost constant companion, and in her sleep beneath the shady trees he would lie down by her side and snap at flies and other insects as if to drive them from her pretty face.

At last summer came, and with it came Dick with his rifle from the city.

The morning following Dick's arrival he and Bob started up the hill back of the house to hunt. Colonel walked quietly along with them, no longer the cringing cur that he was in the city, but a frank, straightforward country dog.

About a quarter of a mile from home Dick might have been heard to say:

"We'll find something back of this hill in the timber. Uncle Ned said there was a deer over there last summer."

"And it might be there yet," suggested Bob.

"I'm sure we'll see a deer," said Dick.

Just at that moment their further talk was cut short by a scream from over the hill.

Colonel bounded away up the slope to the left and disappeared over the summit. The boys instinctively followed as fast as they could.

"That's something," cried Dick half-exultingly, half in fear.

"Don't go," replied Bob. "It may be an Indian. There used to be lots of them over there. Oh, don't go."

Both boys pressed on, however, to the top of the hill, and looking down the opposite side they saw a sight which made their faces white. There at the foot of the hill was baby May on the top of a big stump, and Colonel fighting furiously with a large, black dog. From the froth in the beast's mouth it was easy to see that he was mad. The black dog's fierce growls were growing hoarser and hoarser, and at last ceased entirely. Ere the boys could run down he had breathed his last, and Colonel was bleeding and torn so badly that he could not drag himself away.

Bob was not long in leading his little sister toward home, though all the time listening for the shot which he knew must kill poor Colonel.

At last it came.

But it did not hurt the faithful dog, for he never knew what hit him.

It seemed strange to all how baby May ever got to the top of that high stump, and ever afterward when questioned about it she could offer no other information than, "I jes called Colonel, and he jes come."

It was a sorry little procession that carried what remained of poor Colonel to his last resting place under the rose-bush in the further end of the garden

that afternoon. More than one eye was dimmed with tears as the children stood about the grave and watched the earth being shoveled over their friend and pet.

A few weeks later Mr. Brown had a headstone erected, and on it appeared the inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Colonel, who gave his life that baby May might live."  
*L. E. McArthur.*

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#### MAKING A GOLD THREAD.

THE quintessence of fine art in weaving is accomplished in the making of the threads used in gold lace. It is effected by a process called "fibre plating," carried out in the following manner: A rod of silver is gilded by simply pressing and burnishing leaves of gold upon it. This gilded silver is then drawn through a series of holes of decreasing diameter into a wire so fine that 1 ounce is extended the length of 1500 yards. It is then flattened between polished steel rollers and further extended, so that a mile and a quarter weighs but 1 ounce. For this last drawing the wire is passed through ruby dies.

The film of gold upon the flattened wire is much thinner than beaten gold leaf, and has frequently been quoted as an example of the divisibility of matter, 1 inch of the wire containing but the eighty-millionth part of an ounce of gold, while one ounce of gold covers more than 100 miles of wire. This flattened gilded wire is then wound over a fine silk thread so as to inclose it completely and produce an apparently golden thread. It is estimated that 250,000 ounces of gold thread are annually made in Great Britain.

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NOTHING is more noble, nothing more venerable than fidelity.



## A CRUEL CRISIS.

A Story of the Coal War in England,  
1893.

"ARDLEY BARRACKS."

"MY DEAR WIFE,—The strike at Ardley Moor shows no signs of ending; indeed, it seems likely to go on for ever. I don't know which are to blame, the masters or the men; I wish one or the other would give in. I am glad you're out of all the bother for we are obliged to hold ourselves in readiness to quell the riots that are daily anticipated. This police business is a jolly nuisance, but I suppose it cannot be helped. All the regiment, except my company, is away riot-quelling in other parts of the country, so we are always under arms, night and day. If old Holroyd would only concede a trifle, I think the men would return to work willingly; but he's obstinate, and so are they. Consequently starvation is perilously near for the colliers. Charlie is quite well, but I haven't seen him since lunch. Mary, the new housemaid, came up this afternoon asking for him. She says he went out about half-past two and had not returned at 4:30. I suppose the young rascal is off on one of his rambles. Hope you are enjoying yourself, dearie. Charlie and I both send our very best love.

"Your affectionate, fond old hubby,

"CHARLES VANE.

"P. S.—You know Barrington Thwaite, the fellow who tried to cut me out with you. He has just been appointed a local J. P. I don't envy him his duties these times, though he did threaten me with horrible punishments when I carried you off. Good-night, darling!"

The above letter finished, Captain Vane, of the Third Coalshire Regiment,

sealed it and addressed it to Mrs. Chas. Vane, Hotel Metropole, Sandport.

"There," he said, "that's done. Can't bear writing, but that will give the little woman and her mother something to talk about for a week. Well, Reilly"—as the sergeant of that name entered the room—"what now?"

"Av ye plaze, sorr," replied Reilly, saluting, "the man from the polis-offus is outside, an' he wants to see yerself—the colliers has shwore to foire the pit tonight an' there'll be the duce and all if the sojers don't be there."

Very well, send the man in."

"Yis sor," and with another salute, Sergeant Reilly retired, sending a private to show "the polisman to the capt'in's room." Like his superior officer, Sergeant Reilly had a lively hatred for police-work and all that concerned it. As he would often say at mess, "shoot'in furriners an' thim burrds was dacent sport; but foin' on yer own flesh a' blood was a horse of another color intirely!" And his sentiments were invariably received with acclamation.

The upshot of Inspector Arkwright's interview with Captain Vane was a command to the men to turn out, fully armed. The order was instantly obeyed and in a few minutes the captain and his men were marching through the gathering gloom across Ardley Moor to the seat of the trouble. As they neared the pit and passed through the rows of miners' cottages, the few women and children left at home came to their doors and reviled them for the part they were about to play in the struggle between master and man. But the soldiers took no notice of the abuse nor of the missiles thrown. Firing on their fellow-men was bad enough, but they could not war on the women and children. Climbing the brow of the last

hill, Captain Vane saw that if he was to save any of the pit-buildings he and his company would arrive none too soon. A red glare glowed against the cloudy sky, and lit their path. Nearer and nearer they advanced, and they saw long fiery tongues of flame leaping high from the banks of coal round the pit's mouth; angry men rushed hither and thither in wild rage, looking like demons in the awful glare; their mad screaming rising above the hissing and crackling of the burning fuel, deepening into a sullen roar of defiant hatred as the military approached within sight. With a common impulse, the rioters seized stakes and brands and rushed within the walls surrounding Abel Holroyd's house, built not far from the mouth of the pit he owned, and from which all his wealth had been wrested by the men whose blind passion was the cause of the present tumult.

In they rushed, breaking down the iron gates in their mad haste, and swearing loudly to set fire to the building.

The soldiers came to a halt opposite this retreat. As they did so, old Abel Holroyd and Barrington Thwaite—who had been sent for to read the Riot Act, if necessary—came up to the spot. Their appearance was the signal for a fresh outburst of fury. "Brun t' pleace deawn!" "Teach th' owld sweater maunners!" cried the mob. "Will yo' pay uz a fair wage?" shouted one, taller than the rest, and who seemed to be a leader. "No, I weant, if tha' calls 25 per cent. advance fair wage!" shouted back Holroyd. "I made my money th' same road as yo've had a chance to, an' I'll none gi' it away for nowt!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Holroyd," said Vane, with difficulty making himself heard, "but that sort of talk will only

incite them to further violence. I have just been conferring with Mr. Thwaite. Promise them arbitration, or something—anything to quiet them and make them disperse."

"Arbitration!" echoed the angry old man. "I'll promise 'em nowt o' t' sort. I'l ha' no meddlers interferin' wi' my business. If they don't like to work for th' wage I can afford to pay 'em, they con clem!"

He shook his fist at the crowd, who screamed and shouted, renewing their threats. And even the hiss and crackle of the burning coal added to the din.

"Now then, Thwaite," cried Holroyd, "do summat! Am I to stand here an' se my house an' bukes an' things brunt to th' ground as well as all th' coal at th' bank? What's these 'red coats standin' still like toy-sojers for? We an't their guns shoot, or what?"

"Will you leave those grounds and return to your homes?" shouted Thwaite, thus urged. But there was no sincerity in his tone; indeed, he longed to force the soldiers to extreme measures, since he saw how distasteful such a course would be to his old rival, Captain Vane.

But the answer came back sharp and distinct:

"No, we wean't! We're here an' here we'll stay; an' if owld Holyrod wean't gi' uz th' advance, we'll burn th' pleace deawn. We'll gi' him two minutes to think it ower!"

And the shouting of the mob and the roaring of the flames continued.

Holroyd, Thwaite and Vane consulted. To all suggestions of concession or arbitration Holroyd returned an obstinate refusal, urging the employment of force for the protection of his property. Vane asked if the police could not gain an entrance at the back of the house and so eject the rioters;

but Holroyd explained that it would be impossible for them to scale the high surrounding wall. The only way in was through the gateway, which the mob was already roughly barricading. Would Captain Vane advance at the point of the bayonet and force an entrance.

Vane replied that he certainly would but not until he had seen the police make the attempt themselves.

"Hey!" shouted Sam Bradley, the rioters' spokesman "times' up! What's gooin' fur t' do?"

For answer, Thwaite read the Riot Act. No one could hear it, and few would have heeded it had it been heard. Then the police rushed at the gateway with drawn truncheons. But the storm of stones, firebrands, and other missiles with which they were met caused them to beat a speedy retreat, amid the hoots and jeers of the strikers, now flushed with success.

Then Thwaite formally desired Captain Vane to do his duty. The men were drawn up in double line, and the action decided upon was two volleys and a charge at the bayonet's point. Standing well without the range of the rioters' storm of stones, the soldiers were yet able to take good aim, for the banks of coal adjacent were still fiercely burning. There was a sharp clicking as the men loaded with ball cartridge, and the colliers, seeing that business was evidently meant, wavered for a moment, but instantly rallied—madly, it seemed, braving certain destruction. Obedient to Vane's command, up went the rifles to the "ready" with mechanical precision, and every finger touched the trigger, every ear listened for the word to fire.

But it did not come. As the word formed itself on Captain Vane's tightened lips, a big collier forced himself

into the front rank of the strikers, bearing in his arms a fair-haired boy—the captain's little son Charlie. "Now fire, if yo' dare!" cried the man. "We reckoned on t' redcoats, me an' Sam, an' I thowt we'd find summat as u'd stop ther pea-shootin.' Capt'in will noan fire on his own childt, I reckon!" And with a wild, hoarse laugh, the fellow held up little Charlie high in air.

Vane was pale as death. He knew now why his boy had been missing. What was he to do? To fire was to kill his only child; to refuse to do so would be a neglect of duty. He looked towards Thwaite for advice. What was it he saw in the magistrate's eyes—cruel satisfaction? Clearly not indignation, or pity.

"Well, why don't you fire yer pop-guns?" screamed Holroyd. "You'll be too late, directly. They're up i' th' top rooms wi' torches now!" "Shure," cried Sergeant Reilly, forgetting discipline in his anger, "shure he don't fire, ye owld coal heaver, because the bhoy there's his own flesh an' blood."

"Men," cried Vane to the colliers, "if you are men give me back my boy—would you make a father murder his own son?"

"Have yo' thowt o' our childer, cap'n?" answered Sam Bradley. "They're clemmin' a' home for want o' bread, leave alone meat! Call off yo'r men an' goo back to th' barracks, an' I'll promise yo' to bring the child ower to yo reet away!"

Before Vane could reply, Thwaite broke in.

"This parleying with rioters is absurd," he said.

"It's unfortunate for you, Captain Vane, that those blackguards yonder have the boy; but you cannot allow that fact to interfere with your duty.

In the name of the queen you have sworn to serve, I call on you to fire upon and disperse that mob!"

"But Thwaite—Holroyd——" Vane began; but before he could formulate a sentence Charlie cried out to his father. His childish treble could be clearly heard, for the truly terrible situation had compelled a general silence.

"Father," cried the boy, "don't be afraid to fire. I'm not afraid to die—I'm not a coward, if these men are cowards. Say good-by to mamma!"

A mighty cheer from the soldiers' throats broke the painful silence. Old Holroyd seemed struggling to say something, and, despite his pain, Captain Vane felt prouder than he felt when his queen had placed upon his breast the Victoria cross. He turned to Thwaite and said:

"You have executed your threats of jealous vengeance in a cruel way, Mr. Thwaite, and you and I will settle this elsewhere. You could have made some arrangement with these men, I daresay. But you shall see that I am a soldier first and a father afterwards. Hang it, man," as Holroyd touched his arm and stammered something, "hang it, I'll fire, though your obstinacy costs me my boy's life!" The line of bayoneted muzzles once more grinned at the strikers, and Captain Vane called "Fi——"

"Stop!" shouted Holroyd, rushing in front of the soldiers. "Stop! I'm a rum 'un and a rough 'un; but, "shaking his fist at the rioters, "afore I'll see a mon shoot down his only son for my sake, yo' con brun down every shed I own! Now brun away an' be durned! Cap'n yo' con reet about feeace."

"But my boy——"

"Here he is," shouted Sam Bradley, snatching the child from his comrade,

and setting him down free. "Run to thy feyther, lad. We'll noan be beat by owd Abel Holroyd in dooin' 't reet thing. An' Abel. I'll gi' yo' my word 'at not another stick or stone shall be hurt toneet. Run, lad, run!"

The boy flew to his friends, and as he was caught in his father's arms, a great cheer, that ended in a stifled sob, went up from every man, soldier and striker alike.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Right about face, quick march!"

Back to their quarters tramped Captain Vane, Charlie in his arms, and his company of the Third Coalies.

"An' bedad," said Sergeant Reilly, in the canteen next morning, "we wor nearly atther losin' ourselves on the road home by rayson av a mist in our eyes that was nayther fog nor rain, d'ye see!"

#### THE ART OF SAYING NO.

I WAS sitting with a mother once, says a friend, when her twelve-year-old boy sprang into the room, eager and impetuous. "Mother," he shouted, "can I go out swimming this afternoon? All the fellows are going."

The mother quietly shook her head.

"I'm sorry," said she, "but you cannot go."

The boy did not see me in his absorption, and he straightened himself defiantly. "I will go," said he.

Instantly a look of reproof and command came into the mother's face and she silently looked her boy in the eyes.

He softened at once. "I want to go awfully," said he.

"I know it," she answered gently, "but your father has decided that you are not a good enough swimmer to go into the water without him, and he can-

not go with you this afternoon. Here is Miss B.," his mother added; "cannot you go and speak to her?"

He gathered himself together and came and shook hands with me politely, but all his bright, eager looks had vanished. He was plainly bitterly disappointed. He went and sat down on the piazza for some time in silence. Finally he came in again.

"Mother, said he, "I don't believe Harry Hotchkiss can go swimming either. If I can get him, may we go over to Pelham Woods together?"

"O yes," answered his mother cordially; "and there are fresh cookies in the cookiejar. You may take some for both of you."

Tom's face grew brighter, he made a plunge for his mother and gave her a hug which tousled her hair and crushed her neck ruffle entirely. "Mother," said he, "I just love you."

"So do I you, Tom," she answered quickly. And then Master Tom dashed out of the room.

I have since watched other mothers to see what their methods of refusal were.

"No; you cannot."

"No; and don't you ask me again."

"No; and stop teasing."

"No; and do go away somewhere."

"No; and when I say no, I mean no."

These forms of refusal were common in a number of families. I heard them repeatedly, always spoken in an irritated tone; and I heard one mother say, "No; and if you ask me again I'll whip you."

How could I show that mother that she was mistaken?

I am sure that children can be taught that it is just as necessary to obey a pleasant "No" as a cross one, and it is so much easier for them when they are refused kindly. The spirit of combativ-

ness is not aroused, and all they have to do is to bear the disappointment whatever it may be, which alone is hard enough for their eager little hearts to endure. But if they love you and trust you, and you give them as much sympathy over their trouble as you would for a cut finger, for instance, you will be surprised at the brave way in which they will resign a forbidden pleasure.

"It is easy to mind Aunt Margaret," I heard a little girl of twelve say not long ago.

"She says 'No' just as pleasantly as she says 'Yes'"

Is it not worth while for busy, preoccupied mothers to thus make it "easy to mind" them, as far as possible?

*P. M.*

#### ARTHUR'S ADVENTURE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 513.)

THE stars had been out a long time, when Art finally crept back to the tent. He was surprised that Bob had not called or come in search of him, and felt even more frightened for that reason than at first. As he neared the bushes which surrounded the tent he heard voices talking. It was an unusual event, for the canyon below being little traveled, no human being had come into the gold mine since they had been there. Art's heart took hope at the sound, as he thought it might possibly be a messenger from the dear ones at home. Creeping up to the tent, he listened eagerly. He did not know the voice that replied to Bob's, but the first words it uttered destroyed the hope that had sprung up in his heart at the sound.

"Our best way is to clear out as far as we can get, and take the kid with us. They're sure to offer a reward in time, and if I know anything about George

Bates, it will be big enough to pay us for running the risk."

"The only thing is the getting away," said Bob, cautiously. "We'd have to go a long way off to be out of reach of the law, and to offer terms, too. I ain't big fool enough to take a stand like that unless I'm sure its safe; and while I'm as near as these hills I ain't going to take any such risk."

"What's the matter with getting out of the territory? We've all got horses. We could reach the Indian Reservation in a few days, and be safe to open any negotiations we like. Anybody can hide up there."

"What if they shouldn't bite at our terms, nor offer any reward?" said Bob. "What are we going to have for all our risk and trouble?"

"Well we can put the boy to work to help pay us back, that's all. There's lots of ways of earning a living if anybody's got sand," was the reply, accompanied by a significant laugh.

"I don't think the kid will need much urgin'," said Bob, echoing his companion's laugh. "I've stuffed him with yarns till he's about ready for anything. All he needs is practice. I've seen to it that he's had the trainin'."

The two men broke into guffaw.

"We can't make a start any too soon then," presumed the voice of the stranger. "I'm down to 'dead bed,' and I ain't anxious to be seen around here any longer than I can help. I don't think it will be good for my health."

"When do you want to go?" asked Bob. "To night?"

"Can't do it tonight. My horse has had hard enough work for one day dodging the sheriff and his deputies. I'll have to rest him a few hours any way. I guess though we might start

before daylight—say four o'clock in the mornin'."

"All right, its a go. Had any supper?"

"Nary a bite since sun up. Couldn't take time."

"Turn in then and have some, you're welcome to all the hospitality I've got. After supper we'll see that the horses are fixed up ready."

"Where's the kid?"

"Oh he 'saround somewere, sulkin'."

"Sure he'll be on hand in the mornin'?"

"Sure! I've scared him so he daresn't run away to save his soul. He's fraider of the mountains than he is of me; and that's sayin' heaps."

"Better keep a tight hold of him. He'll make our fortune one way or another, I can promise you that."

"Well, we'll try him anyway and see what he can do. A little experience won't hurt him."

Art waited to hear no more. Afraid of the mountains! Surely their worst perils could offer not half the terror that the plan of those two desperate men inside had inspired in him. Anything but to live to undergo the shameful experience of submitting himself to their evil wills!

Softly through the brush and willows he crept till the stream was reached, and that waded safely with his shoes still on, down the steep gulch to the edge of the wide canyon that skirted the entrance, and out into the long, narrow defile, not stopping to take breath, he ran, his fear at the darkness in its depth, and the dense black shadows up on the steep slopes half-deadened by the greater dread of the men he had left behind. He knew nothing of the path he was taking, but followed the windings of the stream on its downward course, the sound of the rushing water



on the boulders in its path making the only guide to his uncertain footsteps.

How fast he ran! and yet the black walls of the hills seemed ever the same, stretching out interminably before and above him—as if there were never an outlet to cheer his tired vision, strained tensely against the darkness. If he could only see the end of that line of darkness on either side and know that he was out of the depths of that interminable range of hills! Easy enough it would be for the two men to chase and overtake him once they should find out he had gone. Two or three times the thought came to him to climb the steep side of the mountain in order, should they pursue him, to perhaps elude them in the brush. But the sight of them looming darkly above, bristling with cliffs and precipices and filled with their unknown terrors daunted him and kept him to the roadway, though he feared each moment to hear the two men behind him in pursuit.

Stumbling over the uneven road, littered with boulders and stumps of trees, Art kept on his way, till his breath came in short gasps and his limbs began to tremble and fail under him. Whatever came, he would have to sit and rest a moment before he could go on.

He had come to a narrow gulch-like spot in the canyon, where the hills towered above him close at either hand, in steep, beetling cliffs, leaving space only for a narrow strip of roading below, and a bed for the stream that rushed dizzily down the steep descent. Choosing a boulder at the edge of the creek, Art sat down on it, and making a cup of his hat, drank from the cool, clear water flowing beneath him. The draught revived him a little, but as he squared his back against the bank and settled

down for a moment's rest, a sound reached him from the roading a short distance up the canyon, that almost stopped the blood from coursing in his veins.

The sound was that of horses' hoofs clattering at full speed down the rough roadway which he had just traversed. Child as he was, Art yet could easily realize that but one of two things could make horsemen ride at full speed down the precipitous defile with its perilous footing, and that was either flight or pursuit. That the two worthies had discovered his escape, and had set forth after him he could not for a moment doubt. And they had overtaken him, too, to this spot where there was no possible way of eluding them, either by flight or concealment. Hemmed in on one side by the steep cliffs and on the other by the swift rushing stream, dangerous at this point from the wild dash of the waters down the descent, there was no possible way of escape. The moon, which was just rising over the peaks, was now beginning to flood the canyon with light, so that if he remained he would beyond doubt be seen from the roadway. If he had only waited till he had reached an open space he might perhaps have hidden in the brush and escaped them.

Perhaps even now he might be able to reach the end of the narrow pass and find a hiding place on the hillside before they came. Jumping to his feet, Art darted down the defile, his footsteps, as it seemed to him, sounding like cannon on the stones in his pathway. The moonlight made his way more visible, thus rendering his progress easier, but before he reached the turn in the narrow gulch the hoofs of the horses came nearer and nearer, and presently a bullet whizzed through the air above

his head, and a rough voice sounding close behind commanded him to stop.

At that moment Art's foot struck a stone and crying out in his despair and fear, he fell sobbing upon the ground. The next instant a man was bending over him, and presently a strange voice called out in a puzzled tone:

"Why, Ed, we've been fooled; it ain't our man after all!"

"Are you sure?" answered a voice above them on the roadway.

"Sure? Well I guess so. It ain't a man at all, it's a boy."

In a moment the second man rode up and dismounted, looking curiously at the boy still sobbing with fright upon the ground.

"Why, Jim, I believe it's George Bates' son! You know he's been missing and—what's your name anyway, sonny?"

Art looked up with a thrill of hope and joy in his heart. It was neither Bob nor his companion who was bending over him, and more than all, one of them had mentioned his father's name.

"My name is Arthur Bates; I am George Bates' son," he exclaimed eagerly; and then in a few spasmodic and broken sentences he told his story.

"I guess we have trapped our game after all," said one of the men significantly to his companion, after Art had finished. "If we want to capture him, we'd better get back as soon as possible to Beardsley's camp. When they find the boy's gone, they are apt to think better of their plan, and get away tonight. Do you think you can remember the gulch where you camped?" he asked the boy.

"I guess so," said Art. "It is not very far back—but——"

"They shan't harm you my boy," said the other. "They will be too glad

to let you alone. We've got friends back here aways, and if you can show us the gulch, we'll have one of them take you back to your home and friends."

Home and friends! It seemed almost like heaven to think of it, and all too sweet to be true! But when they met the three other of the deputies who had been sent in pursuit of the thief who had taken refuge in Bob's camp, and four of them had turned into the gulch which Art was able to point out as the one he had left so recently, the man who had first come upon the boy, a kind, fatherly sort of being with a great deal of sympathy in his heart for boys in general, took Art upon the saddle behind him, and started towards that dearly beloved spot where the loved ones were in anxious waiting. It was a long and devious way, that journey home. Through canyons and across divides they rode by night and day. But before they reached the little town at the foot of the hills the news had spread of their coming, and both father and mother were ready with outstretched arms and thankful hearts to give him welcome. Not that they overlooked or condoned the boy's wilful disobedience; but the lesson he had gained was a more severe one than they could have devised for him, and they could give vent to their joy for his safe return, feeling that a moral had been deeply graven upon his heart and conscience.

"Your dime-novel reading and delight in desperadoes brought you bitter fruit, my boy," said his father, as Art was narrating his experience; "but you may rest assured that evil doing and evil-thinking can bring you to but one goal—that of misery and punishment. You can make your choice accordingly as to whether you will devote your energy

and thought to those deeds and ambitions which uplift and advance you to happiness and honor, or those that pull you down to disgrace and despair. Life is too short to waste in experiment, and you simply weaken your moral force and character every time you give way to the idle and harmful pastime of imbibing immoral literature, or listening to questionable tales. They will awaken ambitions and imaginations in your heart that will lead you into evil paths whatever natural bent or desire you may have for good. Remember that 'Behind each deed is the thought,' and do not allow the well-springs of your character and action to be poisoned with pernicious suggestions."

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render a noble and an honest man  
Commands all time, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.  
His acts his angel's are, if good; if ill  
The fatal shadows that stand by him still."

*Josephine Spencer.*

#### MAKING HIS FORTUNE.

"I won't do it, that's all! I hate working in the garden! I hate doing chores! Worst of all, I hate being tied to a woman's apron strings. I'm getting too big to be treated like a little kid in dresses, and I won't be any longer, so there!"

As these hot words issued from his lips, big, over-grown, awkward, fifteen-year-old Will Adams brought down his stoga-clad foot with a ringing clang on the hard, frozen ground, the action according well with his flashing eyes, and flushed, angry face.

"What's 'e mattah, bubba?" piped a childish voice at his side, while at the same time a small hand insinuated itself into the clenched fist of the irate youth.

"Oh, is it you, kitten? Brother's mad—mad as a crazy hornet."

"What fo'?"

"Oh, lots of things. I'm tired of being dragged about by forty people; of being jawed for what I do, and snarled at for what I don't do. I'm tired of hearing, 'Will bring some water; Will, chop some wood; Will, milk the cows.' It's Will this, and Will, that, from morning till night, and no let up."

"Poor bubba," said the little one, compassionately.

At this point Will Adams stooped down, picked up his baby sister, and placing her on her favorite perch, the gate-post leading into the corral, went on in a more subdued tone.

"'Bubba' can't stand it any longer, Madge, and he's going away, a long way off to work and get lots of money. When he gets rich he'll come back and see Madge and bring her something nice.

"Bid doll?" queried Madge.

"Yes, and lots of nice things."

"Where 'oo do way off, bubba?"

"Oh, I don't know; maybe to Salt Lake, maybe to California, maybe to Africa."

"Oh do Talt Late, me do too, bubba."

"No, pet, you must stay, and be good, and help mamma. You go in now and take some wood, will you?"

"Eso, me will, 'oo tum too, bubba."

"I will, by and by. It will be a good long time hrst, though," he added, as Madge's sturdy little figure disappeared among the trees and vines surrounding the house. Yet there was a suspicion of tears in his eyes, and a half-relinquishment of his design at this point, until a shrill voice from the house shouting, "Willie," re-decided him, and turning quicky, he fled through the vineyard and orchard,

across the lucern patch, and in his haste fairly tumbled over the rail fence dividing his father's domain from that of their nearest neighbor, the Merrills.

"It looks like rain," he said, "but I guess it won't. I'll just slip down to Frank Merrill's until I can think what to do next. They won't be apt to look for me so near home, and if they do I know plenty of hiding places, and Frank won't prattle."

He held undisturbed possession of the barn-loft until Frank came to do his noon chores, when he astonished that young gentleman by hailing him from his unseen nest.

"Hellow, Frank."

"Hello, Will Adams, what are you doing up there? Hunting hen's nests?"

"Not a bit of it. It's more serious than that."

"What is it, then?" he asked, somewhat excited by a glimpse of Will's solemn face.

"I've had a row up home, and have run away for good and all," was the dogged reply. "They think they can treat a fellow like a baby all his life, and I'm bound to show them they can't."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Frank, curiously.

"I haven't fully decided, but I'm going somewhere where I can get work and earn some money, and I'm not coming back until I've made my fortune. Do you hear that?"

"Yes, I hear," said Frank, dubiously. "But I say, Will, you're angry now. Stay here until you cool down and you'll forget all such rubbish. You've been reading some dime novel, I guess."

"Well, what if I have; you can't say but what 'Tim Tit-mouse in the Dragon's Claw' is true enough to life. To be sure

he had stronger reasons than I have for going off, being without father or mother, brothers or sisters, and apprenticed to an old hag, the head of a band of thieves. But he accomplished what he set out for and so will I."

"H'm" said Frank "that's maybe. Hungry?"

"A little."

"Cold?"

"Yes, some, but that don't matter, I just want to stay here until night, so that I can sneak off up home after a blanket and my other clothes. I was so mad I didn't wait for anything."

"All right, but keep out of father's sight, or he will abolish your scheme in no time."

Frank went to the house and soon returned with some scraps of bread and meat, and an old quilt.

"It's not very enticing," he said apologetically, "but it was the best I could do without rousing the curiosity of the whole family. Hope it will taste better than it looks."

In all his life Will Adams had not partaken of a repast less tempting in appearance, but he swallowed his repugnance and said bravely:

"Thanks, Frank, it will do very well. Beggars must not be choosers, and I must begin to rough it sometime you know."

"All right, I must go now, I guess you will have to stay here tonight, for it's beginning to rain already. You'll not get to Washington as you expected."

"I don't think it will rain much, Frank. Good-by."

"Good-by, take care of yourself."

In spite of his hopefulness, it did rain, at first by fits and starts, but finally settling down to a steady pour, which lasted all the afternoon and far into the night. Time dragged heavily to the

unwilling prisoner. He did not venture on his contemplated errand, lest, failing to effect a secret entrance he should be discovered, or at least have a good wetting for his pains with no adequate returns in the way of dry clothing.

Meantime at his home, matters were moving along about in the usual order. Will's non-appearance at the breakfast table did not excite any comment, as he had been in the habit of absenting himself at this hour, when anything occurred to ruffle his temper. But when dinner and supper time passed by, and still no signs of the delinquent, there began to be some enquiry.

"Where is Will?" asked Mr. Adams.

"I was just wondering myself," replied his wife, "he has not been in the house since early morning."

"He has not been in school today, either," remarked Laura, the eldest daughter of the family.

"Why, where can the boy be?" asked Mrs. Adams, in some alarm.

"Perhaps gone hunting," observed his father. "He's got a nice wetting, if that is the case."

"Run, Jessie, quick, and see if Will has taken his gun," exclaimed Mrs. Adams, ever anxious when her young son was absent with that dangerous plaything.

"No, mamma, the gun is there, and so is the powder flask and shot pouch."

"Where under the sun——" began Mr. Adams, in angry tones.

"Bubba's don away!" piped Madge, with a serious face.

"Yes, we know that, but where has he gone?" thundered the thoroughly roused parent.

But Madge, frightened at her father's unusual outburst, began to cry as if her little heart would break, requiring the

care of the whole family for some time to restore her equilibrium.

"Where has 'Bubba' gone, birdie? Tell papa if you know," pleaded her somewhat mollified parent, coaxingly.

"Don 'a Talt Late," said Madge.

"Where, pet?"

"Talt Late!" with emphasis.

"Salt Lake! Is that what you mean?"

"Ess, Talt Late. He don 'a det me bid doll, an' lots a' pitty fins, tause I binged in tum wood."

"Did Bubba tell you this, Madge?"

"Ess.—aday. Bubba mad. Bubba done dis way."—and Madge stamped her small foot vehemently on the floor.

"Did anything unusual occur this morning to anger Will?" asked Mr. Adams with a serious face.

"Nothing unusual," replied his wife.

"I was obliged to scold him because he did not get at his chores. He was away late last night, and had to do his work after dark."

"Yes, and May and he had a fuss out at the wood-pile this morning. She's always scolding him," cried Jessie, tears standing in her blue eyes, for, being near the same age and temperament, she and Will had always been great cronies.

"I'll go out to the barn and look around," said Mr. Adams. "he may have lain down in the hay and gone to sleep."

"You'll not find him," sobbed Jessie, "I just believe he's run away. He's threatened many a time he would if you folks were not better to him."

"Ess, he has," put in Madge complacently. "Bubba's don 'a Talt Late, I tell 'oo."

The result of Mr. Adam's search was negative, and he returned to the house with a look of annoyance on his face.

"I cannot find a sign of him," he said. "If the young rascal has run

away, you women folks have got yourselves to blame for it. You can't keep on nig nagging at boys of his age, without rousing rebellion in their hearts. I suppose now I must rouse the neighborhood and institute a search, and a pretty disgrace it will be."

During the foregoing remarks, Mrs. Adams had been mentally mapping out a course to pursue, should their surmise prove correct. She was a strong-minded woman, stern and practical, not given to sentimentalities of any sort, but withal sensible and devoted to her family. Knowing her son's temperament and past experiences, she conjectured that he could not withstand many rude shocks such as he would receive among strangers in his virgin efforts to provide himself with necessities. If there were any twinges of conscience in regard to the course hitherto pursued with her impulsive but heedless boy, they were not apparent.

Hers had ever been the stronger nature, and she now met her husband's bluster calmly and logically.

"There need be neither disgrace, nor notoriety, James, unless we care to have them. If Will has not run away, he will soon return, or we will hear from him. If he has, you may trust my word for it, he will soon run back again. He is not fond of courting disagreeables, and a little contact with people who don't care for him will teach him the lesson he has long needed, that we all have duties to perform, and that they should be done cheerfully, and in the right time."

Effectually silenced by his wife's philosophy, which he had learned by long experience to be of the right sort, Mr. Adams took up his hat and left her to manage the affair to her own notion.

"Now, children," she said briskly, as

soon as her husband's back was turned, "quit mourning and bothering about Will, he is all right, and will soon be back. Jessie, you may bring in the wood and chips, and May can milk the cow. It will be a good lesson to you all, for I don't believe you ever did fully appreciate your brother."

Here, too, was a good opportunity for a mental reservation, but if one was made there was no outward indication. Yet, as soon as the children were gone, and as though anxious to herself perform some of the labor usually appertaining to the absent one, she exclaimed:

"It has stopped raining, and I believe I will just run out and put in that lettuce seed, which I intended to have Will plant tonight. This rain is just the thing for small seed."

Thus the family machinery moved on, smoothly enough to all appearances, and thus calmly was Will's escapade taken by those who loved him most dearly.

The night settled down, intensely dark, wet, and gloomy. Will supped off another installment of scraps and burrowed down into the hay to keep warm.

"I do wish," he exclaimed bitterly, "that I had had sense enough to keep my temper until after the storm. It looks as though it might rain for forty days."

He slept uneasily, dreamed uncomfortably, and awoke in the morning, cold, hungry, damp and with aching limbs from his cramped quarters. A half wish to return home obtruded itself, but pride and shame instantly quelled it. It rained all day, and again all night, the tedium of his imprisonment being broken only by Frank's short visits between school hours. Again he slept illy, again was persecuted by bad dreams, and again awoke feeling more miserable than before.



Added to the discomforts of his position was a sense of disappointment that the folks at home were taking his absence so coolly. Had there been a hue and cry, and a grand search for him, they would have acted as a stimulous to keep up his resolution; but left to himself, as he had been, he found his courage and his resentment alike, slowly but surely oozing away. Opposed to these feelings were the thoughts of the shame and degradation he would have to undergo if he were to return at this late day, and in his present plight.

Torn by these conflicting emotions, his condition was indeed pitiable. A change, however, was at hand.

When Frank made his morning visit, he brought with him a good substantial breakfast, with the words,

"Morning, Will, mother has sent you some breakfast."

"Oh Frank, how could you!" in surprise and consternation at his friend's supposed perfidy.

"Never you fear, mother'll not prate. You see I couldn't help it. Her curiosity got roused, and she follwed me out here last night, and over-heard us talking. After I got to bed she tackled me, and I had to tell her all about it. Somehow or other I never can keep anything from my mother when she wants to know it."

"What did she say?" asked Will in a curious, tremulous sort of voice.

"Oh, she said, 'Poor fellow!' or something of that sort; mother's got a tender heart. She would not hurt a fly much less a boy."

"You're a happy fellow," said Will, "to have such a mother. I wish mine was more like her. She's a pretty good mother, though, after all, only I don't feel as much acquainted with her as you do with yours. You see she wants everybody to be right up to the scratch in

everything, just as she is; and a big, lazy, easy going fellow like me is her particular abhorrence."

"No, no, not so bad as that," exclaimed Frank. "If you would take a little more pains to please your mother, I believe you would get on famously."

"The harder I tried, the worse failure I always made of it," exclaimed Will, dolefully. "But never mind," brightening momentarily, when I come back with my fortune they will be glad enough to cultivate my acquaintance."

"I'm afraid you'll be a long time getting there," said Frank.

"Why so?"

"Well, to begin with, its raining like sixty, and liable to for a week. The mud is already a foot deep between here and Washington, and the snow two feet deep on the Kanarra Bench, so the mail-carrier says. You can't walk, and you say you haven't money enough to ride. Better give up this wild goose chase. It's better to chop wood, and milk cows at home with your friends, than starve among strangers in a big city, and that's what I expect it would come to."

"We'll see, we'll see," said Will, quite confidently. "The rain will soon stop, and then I will show you." I couldn't go home now you know, I'm not quite such a hang dog as that, I hope. If it's clear in the morning, I'll start, and perhaps I can get a lift on the way. There's no use getting disheartened at the first obstacle."

It did not clear up in the morning, but it rained all day and far into the night, harder than ever. When, wakeful and restless, he at last comprehended that the dreadful patter patter of the rain on the shingles so near his head had actually ceased, his joy was so great that he shed tears of thankfulness, and

soon after sunk into a light slumber. He awakened as the first grey streaks of morning became visible through the windows, and sprang to his feet to greet with joy the advent of a clear day. Alas, for human hopes! It did not rain, but great flakes of snow were falling, silently, but none the less swiftly, effectually covering the ugly work of the long rain with its pearly mantle. With a great sob Will turned away, sick and faint, his over-wrought spirit sinking beneath the weight of this new and unexpected calamity. At ordinary times he would have hailed its advent with delight, as being an event of rare occurrence in the mild climate of Utah's Dixie; but it proved the last straw which "broke the back" of his courage and his resolution. Sobbing and shivering he crept back into his den, and knew no more.

An hour later, Frank came out to see his friend, whistling happily, and calling cheerily.

"Will, Will, the sun is shining, and the ground is covered with snow, put away your foolishness and come out and have a lark."

Receiving no response, he gathered his hands full of the snow and crept slyly up the ladder intending to awaken him with a fusillade of the cold, wet, material. But with the first glance at his friend, he started back in dismay, hurriedly descended the ladder, and rushed frantically into the house, scattering the chickens, frightening the children, and nearly running over his mother in his headlong haste.

"Oh mother," he exclaimed, "Come quick!"

"What is the matter, child?" she exclaimed in considerable alarm.

"Oh, it's Will," he went on excitedly, "I went up to waken him, and he lay

there on the hay, tossing about, tearing his hair, and talking so queer- he didn't know me a bit more than a stranger."

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Merrill, compassionately. "he is sick, delirious I suspect. Why did I not insist upon him coming in, I might have known how it would be, out there in the cold and damp."

"You couldn't very well, mother, on account of pa."

"Yes, I know. Well, you go out and watch him, and see that he don't hurt himself, and I will go up and tell his folks. He must be got out of there, or he will die."

Poor Will did not die, but he had a close call from the shadowy hands of the other side, as, after being carefully and tenderly carried home, he lingered for weeks in a state of delirium alternating with semi-unconsciousness. But the curious part of it was, when he at last did regain his straying faculties, it was quite plain that he retained no remembrance of his late experiences. The attendant doctor thinking it best to leave him in his ignorance, for fear of possible bad effects of the knowledge upon his mind, everybody cognizant of the facts were instructed never to speak of them, but to let them sink into oblivion. Even Madge was bribed into acquiescence by the presentation of a beautiful doll, which, however, she insisted upon naming Willie, notwithstanding the apparent femininity of its gender, "tause it tummed from Talt Late."

The condition of convalescence was well advanced, when, one day Will lay upon the lounge idly watching his mother's hustling form as she tidied up the room. There was a perplexed look upon his face, and a slight frown upon his brow. Evidently something was

troubling him. which soon found expression in words.

"Mother," he exclaimed. "how long have I been sick?"

About six weeks, I believe, why?"

"Oh, I feel so queer about it. How did I get sick?"

Mrs. Adams hesitated, and looked perplexed, scarce knowing how to reply, and finally evaded the question by asking:

"How does this queer feeling effect you, that you complain of?"

"Why, I feel as though I have been dreaming for a long time, or as though I had been away from home, among strangers, and had seen a great deal of trouble. Sometimes I have a sort of remembrance of a great deal of water surrounding me. At others, I feel as though I had been through a period of starvation. It is a dreadful feeling."

Mrs. Adams ceased her work, and with an unusual expression of tenderness on her face knelt beside the couch of her boy, brought back through much tribulation from the "valley of the shadow of death."

"Don't worry, Willie," she said soothingly. "nothing of the kind has happened. We found you with the fever, and you have been delirious, 'out of your head' as the children say. You will be all right, and get rid of such queer notions as you get stronger. Lie still now, and take a nap, and don't think about such things any more."

"You are so good to me, mother," said the boy with moist eyes, stirred by his mother's unwonted tenderness.

"I hope I shall be a better boy now, and never do anything to worry you again."

"We have all learned a lesson, Willie, and we are so thankful that you are

spared to us that we must all try to be better in the future."

And as if she had just discovered that she was giving way to sentimentality, she rose to her feet, hastily kissed her son, and was soon hustling around again, as though no such thing had occurred.

It is our belief that knowledge of his escapade gradually returned to Will, or that in some way he heard of it, but if so, he never mentioned it. At any rate, from the hour he was able to do so, he performed his duties cheerfully and at the right time; and scolding and fault-finding became things of the past.

He is a grown man now, and a good one at that, with boys and girls of his own growing up around him. And as we notice his tactics in their management, we cannot help but mentally observe that his short experience in making his fortune has borne many choice samples of fruit.

*Cactus.*

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ANYTHING that adds to the neatness and beauty of the home and its belongings not only increases the owner's pleasure but fosters refinement and real betterment of the household.

WHENEVER you see ingratitude you may as infallibly conclude that there is a growing stock of ill-nature in the breast, as you may know that man to have the plague upon whom you see the tokens.

THE chief office of silence is to bury all that is evil, and the chief office of speech is to disclose and disseminate all that is good. Let this be done with sincerity and earnestness and let no criticism discourage it, for its ultimate benefit to character and to conduct is established beyond a doubt.

## THE RIVER NILE.

"IN one of the darkest corners of the earth, shrouded by perpetual mist, brooding under the eternal storm clouds, surrounded by darkness and mystery, there has been hidden to this day a giant among mountains, the melting snow of whose top has been for some fifty centuries most vital to the people of Egypt. \* \* \* In fancy we look down along that crooked silver vein to where it disports and spreads out to infuse new life to Egypt near the pyramids, some four thousand miles away, where we behold populous swarms of men—Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, English, Germans and Americans—bustling, jostling or lounging; and we feel a pardonable pride in being able to inform them, for the first time, that much of the sweet-water they drink, and whose virtues they so often exalt, issues from the deep and extensive snow-beds of Ruwenzori or Ruwenjura—the cloud king."

Thus writes that world-renowned and daring explorer, Henry M. Stanley, concerning the source of the wonderful Nile River, upon whose annual rise and fall the existence of myriads of human beings depends. The ancient Egyptians worshiped this stream as a god, which cannot be very surprising when we consider that its source was unknown until very recent times to those who derived so much benefit from its waters; then the phenomenon of the yearly inundation which was inexplicable to the people added mystery to the incomprehensible, thus giving strength to the superstition that the stream originated in the realms of the gods, and was consequently designed for the adoration of mortals.

The god Nilus is represented with

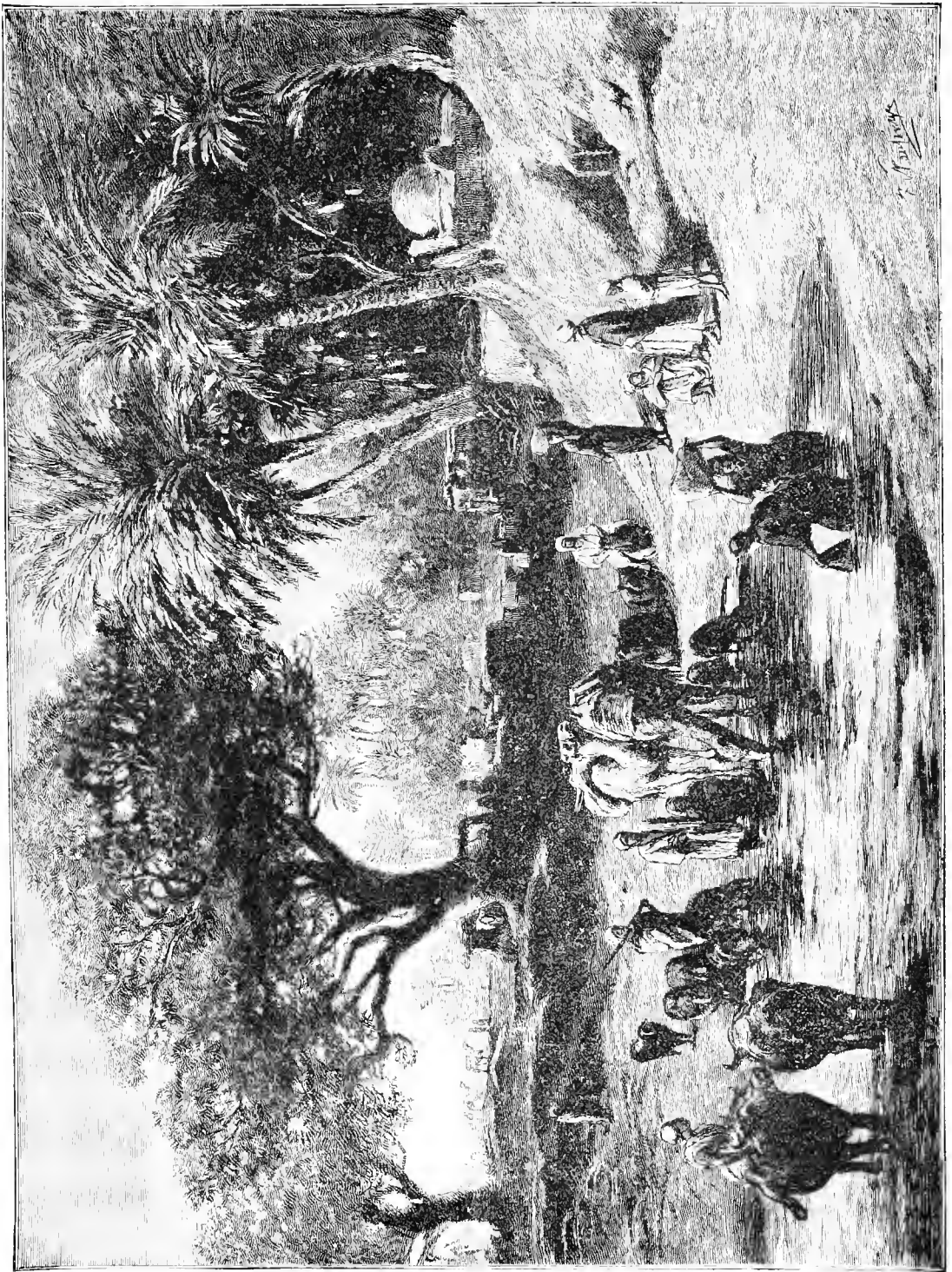
water plants growing from his head, and binding up stalks of flowers indicative of the inundation. Certain priests from each city along the banks of the river are appointed to the service of this deity.

The total length of the Nile River is three thousand three hundred miles. Its annual rise is from twenty-five to twenty-seven feet, which seldom varies more than two or three inches. A rise of only eighteen or twenty feet means famine in the land. The increase of water begins about the end of June, and reaches its maximum the latter part of September, when the waters gradually recede. The rise begins within a few hours of the same time each year. During this period the whole country resembles one vast lake, with palm-encircled villages rising here and there to relieve the monotonous stretch of waters. By the time the Nile reaches its ordinary level, the whole country is carpeted with the richest green.

The waters of this magnificent stream are loaded with a rich, black mud, which is a most excellent fertilizer. Because of this yearly deposit the soil of Egypt is continually increasing in elevation, though the bed of the river is also rising. Far below the surface in this country there are now and again discovered the remains of an ancient people which the soil of the river has buried. The land produces three crops annually.

The Delta of the Nile measures along the Mediterranean coast one hundred and fifty miles. About one hundred and twenty miles from this coast the river divides into two main branches and numerous smaller streams.

At Khartoun the Blue Nile joins the main stream. This tributary was sup-



A NILE SCENE.

posed, until quite recently, to be the main channel.

It is very interesting to examine ancient maps of the sources of the Nile River, and of the country through which it flows. It is very evident from these maps, that the people who made them had no personal acquaintance with the country which they pretended to represent, and must have either drawn upon their imagination for their sketches or accepted the statement of uninformed people concerning the river and its course.

Many prominent men of ancient times sought the place where the river rises. Cambyses lost many people and much time in his investigations. Alexander consulted the oracle of Jupiter of Ammon, but with the information he thus received was unable to find the hidden springs of that mighty river. Cæsar was desirous of immortalizing himself by giving the true source of the Nile, but he died with his ambition ungratified.

The inhabitants of the Nile of ancient times seemed to have been entirely unacquainted with its source, and were too superstitious to make the thorough investigations which they had the power to do. Mohammed said, "The Nile comes out of the garden of paradise, and if you were to examine it where it comes out, you would find in it leaves of paradise."

An old account says, "It is said that the river Sihon, Gihon, the Nile and the Euphrates all start from the grand jasper dome from the mountain, and that this is near the Great Sea (supposed to be Lake Albert Edward) that the waters are sweeter than honey and more fragrant than musk, but that the waters are changed in the course of the flow."

The Ruwenzori range of mountains, which is indeed the source of the river Nile, is the modern term for Montis Lunae, Jabel Kurnr or Gurnr. This range is also called the Mountains of the Moon, and is described by the modern travelers who have visited them as something grand beyond all description either of human tongue or pen.

At certain seasons of the year no more pleasurable trip can scarcely be conceived than a journey along the Nile River, where, as one can well judge from looking at the accompanying picture, is to be seen nature in all her luxuriance, furnishing in the utmost profusion everything which is needed to gratify the taste of the epicurian, or satisfy the hunger of the poorest traveler.

*H. C.*

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#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

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##### A GRATEFUL CHANGE.

MOST of our readers have no doubt read or heard more or less of the recently reported Indian uprising north and east of this territory. The only novelty about the report is that up to the present it is the latest story of the kind; in most other respects it possesses few details that might not have been found in many another and earlier outbreak, the published accounts of which would have answered fairly well for this one if there had only been a change in the date when, and the place from which, the reports were sent. Briefly, it is the old story of injuries inflicted upon the savages, a denial of their customs and privileges, a re-assertion of the doctrine that the Indian has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. If the former in his uncouth and uncivilized state finally



becomes exasperated at wrongs put upon him without redress, and takes to the warpath or begins depredations upon the opposing race, a great hue and cry is raised against him, cowboys set out in revengeful pursuit, soldiers are ordered to the scene, and for awhile the surrounding country is put in peril of the evils of real war. As the event and its cause come to be investigated, however, it is generally found that the so-called superior race was the aggressor, and that there was at no time any prospect of trouble that might not have been removed by a patient hearing of all the facts, and a just, honorable course of action. The worst result of the neglect thus to settle the difficulty in the beginning, is that many innocent and peaceful persons are made to suffer loss in property if not in life itself; for war is not tender in its mercies, and the malcontents on either side are inclined to regard as an enemy all of the opposing side whom they may chance to meet.

One pleasing difference exists, however, between this latest Indian scare and many that have preceded it; and that is the tone of the press and nearly all others who have commented upon it. To Latter-day Saints who are and ever have been the friends of the Lamanites when wrongfully treated, it is a great satisfaction that few speakers or writers have as yet been found to applaud or even justify this so-called Bannock war. Almost invariably the conduct of the white men who precipitated the trouble has been condemned. For a wonder, the resistance and general conduct of the Indians has been excused, if not indeed praised. A fairer judgment on the merits of the case has been given than in any previous circumstance that I remember. It appears at last to have dawned upon the American mind, more

particularly the Western and even the frontier part of it, that the descendants of the earliest Americans, the natives and original owners of the country, have as much right to life and the pursuit of happiness as their pale-faced successors. This sentiment has been growing for years, but very slowly, and it has seemed loath to make itself known and felt. The decisive expression of it in the case under discussion is therefore most acceptable and, I believe, timely. In view of the severity with which the white instigators of the trouble have been criticized, I am happy to think it will be a good while before a small group of irresponsible men are again able to create such a stir, make so much trouble for the genuine and peaceful settlers of their vicinity and put them, the government and everybody else concerned to such danger and expense.

A VERY convenient mucilage can be made of onion juice by anyone who wishes to use it. A good sized Spanish onion, after being boiled for a short time, will yield on being pressed quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used extensively in various trades for pasting paper on to tin or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise anyone making the first attempt. It is cheap and good mucilage, and answers as well as the more costly cements.—*Invention.*

THERE is assuredly no action of our social life, however unimportant, which by kindly thought may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and it is impossible to spend the smallest amount of money, for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it.

## Our Little Folks.

### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

#### The Motherless Turkeys.

MAMMA set our old turkey hen on some eggs in a barrel that was lying on its side by some brush. The old gobbler was lonesome, so he stayed by the barrel day and night while the hen was sitting.

When the time came she hatched part of the eggs, and took the little turkeys into the wheat field and didn't come back. The old gobbler sat on the eggs that were left. Mamma pulled him off several times, and finally had to shut up the barrel to keep him away.

One day the gobbler saw the old turkey with her young ones by the wheat field. He ran to her, gobbled, strutted and croaked, and did everything he could to show how glad he was to see her again. The gobbler came home at night and roosted by the old barrel, but the mother and her little ones stayed in the wheat. One night when the little ones were about two weeks old a coyote caught the mother but left the little ones. Next morning mamma heard them peeping, so she brought them to the house and put them with a hen that had some turkeys a few days younger. The little motherless things did not like their new home and mother very well.

One afternoon mamma had to go away from home, so she fed the turkeys and thought they would be all right till morning. Next day when she went to feed them the motherless turkeys were gone, but the rest were all there. We wondered what had become of them. Mamma went down by the brush and there sat the old gobbler in the barrel. Mamma pulled him out and found the lost turkeys. The father turkey coaxed

all the forenoon to get the little ones to follow him. When they would not come to him he would go back, spread his wings out over them, and croak, then go a little further, then come back, until he got them to go with him. Now he takes them every day to the wheat field, brings them home at night, and roosts with them in the old barrel, and takes just as good care of them as any mother could.

He will soon have to give up the old nest and go some place else to roost, as the barrel is too small to hold them much longer.

*Daniel B. Hill.*

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH.

### BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

#### The Ten Commandments Given to Moses.

WHILE the Israelites were in the wilderness, they would travel a few days or weeks, and then camp for a time to rest and let their flocks and herds pick grass and eat, so they would keep fat.

One time when they found no water, and were all very thirsty they complained as usual, and found fault with Moses for bringing them out of Egypt, and the Lord told Moses to go to a certain rock at the foot of Mt. Horeb, and strike it with his rod, so that all the Elders of Israel might see; he did so, and the water gushed out and made a nice stream so that all the people and animals could drink as much as they wished.

After awhile they traveled on and camped near a mountain called Mount Sinai, and the Lord told Moses to have the people sanctify themselves by fasting and prayer, and to have them wash their clothes so that they might be nice and clean, because on the third day the Lord

would speak to them from the top of the mountain.

The people obeyed, and when the time came there were thunders and lightnings, and the voice of a trumpet, so loud that all the people trembled; the mountain was covered with thick smoke as though it was all on fire, and it shook and trembled.

God then called for Moses and Aaron to come up to the top, but no one else was to touch the mountain, and He gave Moses what we call the Ten Commandments.

The first one is: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." That means we must not worship anything but the God of Heaven. There are people you know who worship images that are made of wood, stone or gold; and there are people who think more of having fine clothes, nice things to eat and a grand house to live in, than of serving the Lord; and there are some people whom we call misers, who think so much of their money that they will hardly spend any of it to get themselves something to eat and wear; but all that is very wrong; we should love God the best of all and worship Him only.

The second commandment is: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." We all know that we must not swear, but there are other things which my mother taught me were almost as bad. She said we must not use the name of God in a careless manner, but whenever we speak His name it must be with reverence, remembering that He is our Heavenly Father, and that He gives us all the good things we have. I do not think we ought to use the word heaven so carelessly as many people do either, for heaven is the name of God's dwelling place.

One is, "Remember the Sabbath day

to keep it holy." He gives us six days in which to work, and to play as hard as we please, but the seventh belongs to Him, and we ought to go to Sabbath School and meeting on that day, and learn all we can about Him.

Another is: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." You know the Lord gave us this beautiful world to live in, and He says in this command that if we will obey our fathers and mothers, He will let us live long upon the earth; that is, we shall have long life.

"Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal," are two of the commandments, and there is another which means that we must not tell anything that is not true; and one which reads: "Thou shalt not covet." If one of your little friends has a new pocket knife, or a handsome, new doll, or dress, you should not say, "I wish I had that knife, or doll," because that would be to covet. You see if you had your friend's doll for your own, it could not belong to her at the same time, but you may say, "I wish I had a doll or knife just like that one."

We are the sons and daughters of God, and we are told that we should do nothing wrong with each other. Let us never do anything that we would be ashamed to have our parents see us do, or that we would be ashamed to tell them about.

*Celia A. Smith.*

SET yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.

## A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

"EDDIE," said Harry, "I'll be a minister and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "I'll be the peoples."

Harry began. "My text is a short and easy one: 'Be Kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

"First—Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I did not want to hear any one speak a word.

"Second—Be kind to mamma and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say 'It is time for you to go to bed' half a dozen times over.

"Third—Be kind to baby——"

"You have left out Be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry. "I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your 'red soldier' to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth—Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

"Fifth—"Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or give out a hymn he began to sing.

## A SUMMER ARITHMETIC.

THERE came in our school one day  
A white-haired man, with pleasant smile;  
He greeted us and, sitting down,  
Said he would like to rest awhile.

'Twas time to give arithmetic.  
The teacher said, "Now all give heed!  
Put up your books, and take your slates,  
And do the sum which I will read."

Our books were in, our slates came out,  
And the teacher read the sum.  
We tried and failed, and tried again,  
And couldn't make the answer come.

And then the old man said to us,  
With kindness twinkling in his eyes,  
"Who gets the answer first shall have  
A silver shilling for a prize."

Then Tommy Dole resolved to cheat;  
And slyly took out his book,  
When he supposed he was not seen,  
A hasty glance aside he took.

At once the clever Tommy finds,  
And, "Now I got it, sir," he cries.  
The teacher thinks Tom worked the sum  
And tells him he has won the prize.

But that old man had seen it all.  
Those twinkling eyes had watched the  
trick.

"Well done, my boy! you seem  
To understand arithmetic.

"But now, before I give the prize,  
I'll let you try a harder one.  
Another shilling you shall have  
If you can tell how that is done."

And then, with kindest voice and look  
He gently said to Tommy Dole  
"What shall I profit you my lad  
To gain the world and lose your soul?"

Then Tommy Dole hung down his head  
And tears began to fill his eyes;  
And all the scholars wondered why  
He would not take the silver prize.

## LAKES OF SOLID SALT.

IN many parts of the world there are salt lakes, but the most remarkable are those of the Turcoman country in Asia. One of these is on a plateau, a quarter of a mile above the level of the sea. A traveler says of it:

The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt perfectly level and covered by only an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. The bottom was covered with a slight sediment, but when that was scraped away the pure white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit may be it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it.

## CAN DOGS TALK?

WHEN engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs, one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him had rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again.

They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unlocked the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blanket but did not replace the bar across the door.

Two or three minutes later the latch

was tried the third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He pushed the door back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, which had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm.

## THE SAME CAT.

B. V. WOLF, agent of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company in Middletown, N. Y., has a cat that he has for months been trying to get rid of. She has been given to farmers who have taken her miles away to their homes, time after time, but she has never failed to put in an appearance again at the Wolf mansion, after brief absences. The other day Mr. Wolf went to New York. He put the cat in a bag, and placed it under the seat of the car. When the train reached Sterlington, Mr. Wolf dropped the cat out of the window. Sterlington is forty miles from Middletown. Mr. Wolf transacted his business in New York and went home. This was on Tuesday. When he went home to supper on Thursday night and sat down by his hearthstone there was the same cat. She got up, rubbed herself on her master's legs, and purred in a way that showed how she appreciated his little joke. Wolf sat down and seemed dazed for a minute. Then he stroked the cat fondly, but respectfully, and said, "You can stay here as long as you live if it's a hundred years. I'll get a gold collar for you and tie it full of red ribbons. Pussy, you're a dandy."

## MORNING SONG.

WORDS BY WATTS.

MUSIC BY ARTHUR DAY.

1. The Lord who makes the sun to know His prop - er hour to rise; And,  
 2. When from the chambers of the east, His morn - ing race be - gins, He  
 3. So, like the sun, would I ful - fill The business of the day— Be -  
 4. Give me, O Lord, Thy ear - ly grace, Nor let my soul complain, That

to give light to all be - low, Doth send him round the skies.  
 nev - er tires, nor stops to rest, But round the world he shines.  
 gin my work be - times, and still March on my heav'nly way.  
 the young morn - ing of my days Has all been spent in vain!

## MANNERS AND MANNER.

NOWHERE should manners be more carefully practiced than in your own homes. "Why," exclaimed a young lady once, "I never saw any one like your brother. He's just as polite to you as he is to any one else. He always takes off his hat when he comes in or goes out, just the same as if you were any other girl." The girl thus addressed looked at the speaker in wide-eyed surprise. She had always been used to exchanging the courtesies of life with this same brother. "Why shouldn't he be as polite to me as to any one else?" she asked. (Truly! why shouldn't he?) "O, I don't know! Boys are not, that's all!"

Now, boys, I don't think that's a very good record for you as boys, is it? and yet I am compelled to attest the truth of the statement.

Now for manner. It does not hurt a boy a bit, or make him any the less a man, to know how to make a graceful bow; and many have been the times

when a young man would have given all he possessed to appear at ease in the presence of some one whose worldly position made it desirable for him to appear at his best.

While, then, polish is not absolutely necessary to success in some lines of life it is an emollient that very materially aids the wheels of life to revolve smoothly. And I speak the truth when I say that more than one good position has been lost through some awkwardness or a feeling of diffidence born of a sense of lack of polish when among those whose whole bearing betrayed the daily exercise of the finer courtesies of life.

If we take our willful ones aside, and spake to them in an earnest, loving and yet calm and temperate spirit persuade them, we only wish their highest good, depend upon it the day is ours.

We feed upon what we read, but digest only what we meditate upon.

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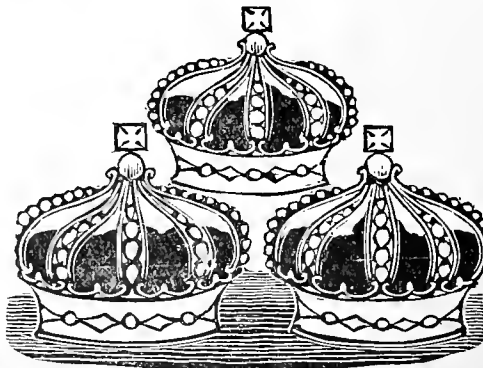
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